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APOTHEOSIS.

A

FUNERAL ORATION;

Sacred to the MEMORY

OF

The Most NOBLE

JOHN

Duke of *Marlborough.*

As it was Spoken on the Day of his INTERRMENT.

Form'd upon the Manner of the ANTIENTS.

By Mr. *HENLEY.*

——— *Quo Præside rerum,*
Humano Generi Superi caviſtis abundè.
Ovid. Met.

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BL

APOTHEOSIS.

SINCE we have close'd the solemn Rites of the IMMORTAL GODS, and appeas'd the Shade of our HERO, who is entitled to fill the Number of them; it is no more than a grateful Debt of Justice and Honour, O ye *BRITONS!* once His Fellow-Citizens, and Companions in Arms, to draw the Merit that bears up his Claim to it; that ranks him even with the First of Men, and makes him an Associate of Heaven. This is an Offering we must

pay to His MANES, while we ſtand before His Awful Pile, and are giving a looſe to the Sacred Eagle.

TO enlarge on the Cauſe of this Aſſembly, no leſs Mournful, than it is Auguſt, would only heighten the Anguiſh, that occaſions it: and to open it with a particular Addreſs, would be foreign. Univerſal Grief, like the Death from which it ariſes, ſets every Degree upon a Level, and puts an end to the Diſtinction of Name and Figure.

FOR indeed, never was Sorrow in Greater Pomp, never was a more Imperial Scene of it diſplay'd; no Image is wanting to compleat it; and it fully anſwers the Character of its Great Author, it CONQUERS ALL MANKIND. But it invades with double Force the

the *Sons of War*: The Olive is changed to Yeugh, and the Wreath of Victory to Cypreſs: The Spear is revers'd, the Sword is pointleſs: The chearful Symphony of the Field is Hollow and Languid: The Sprightly Trumpet animates no more, and all the Trophies of *Mars* are bound up in a peaceful Confuſion, and cover'd with Sable.

YET it affords a Gleam of Pleaſure, (if at this Diſaſtrous Hour the Very Sound of Pleaſure be lawful) that none can juſtly be call'd His Laſt Honour. THAT, when his Obſequies ceaſe, will be ſtill repeated, and be the *Phœnix* of His Aſhes: His Fame below, as His Godlike Spirit above, will be everlaſting. ALL THE MUSES forbid him to Die; and each Thankful Hand of the Millions He has bleſs'd, will rejoice to plant

a Flower by his Urn, and ſet an Unfading Bloom upon his Memory.

BUT let us perform the ſpeediest Homage to it, and caſt in our Early Tribute: And leſt we may diminiſh a Theme we cannot raiſe, THOU, O *MINERVA*, Power Divine, who haſt ſo often interpos'd thy Shield, and ſav'd thy Warrior, aid His Orator, and crown the Pious Effort! Every Failure will be atoned by the Grandeur of the Subject, and the Violence of the Paſſions that flow from it. But ſince Fate has ſeiz'd the *Mighty Few*, that could have reach'd it; ſince the Bowers of *Elyſium* enjoy another *Lucan*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, and *Virgil*, in the Shape of a *ROWE*, a *GARTH*, a *PRIOR*, and an *ADDISON*; Let us, however, exert our Humble Care to reſcue him from the Vulgar and Inferior Hand, and guard

guard the PALMS that ſurround Him.

HERE we launch into a Vaſt Attempt, Greater than was ever by HIMSELF undertaken. It is the Picture of the moſt accompliſh'd Man, Patriot, and Captain; in which we are not to collect our Stores from abroad, not to Copy the Lines or the Colouring, but, if poſſible, touch with a juſt Pencil the Beautiful Features of the Original; to ſet in the Fulleſt Day, His Perfection in Perſon, Underſtanding, and Manners; the Compaſs of His Experience, the Edge of his Valour, and the Firmneſs of his Prudence; His Happy Temper of Light and Heat; the Well-govern'd Fire of His Heart, and the Lively Coolneſs of His Thinking; the Stages of Honour thro' which he advanc'd, brightly running His Courſe like the Sun, and ſtill

ſtill the ſame; the Amazing *Series* of His Actions, and the Diffuſive Good, that Springs from them; the Luſtre of His Race; the Delight, Ornament, and Safety He convey'd to the Flower of Mankind in every Quarter; the Blaze of his Example, the Faintneſs of each Parallel to Him, and the Impotence of that Envy, which ſtill, as a new *Hydra*, aſſaulted Him, and was ſtill ſubdu'd. Nor are we at laſt to ſuppreſs the Joy we reap from the Heroes that Survive Him; Our *Britiſh CÆSAR*, the GREAT and GOOD, and the Promiſe of growing Triumphs to our Iſle in His Royal Branches: The Worthies that ſhine in the Camp, the Cabinet, the Senate, and the Gown; who all contribute to eaſe the Weight of His Lamented Fall, and ſupport the Drooping Head of Penſive *ALBION*.

THIS

THIS lets the Eye into a Maze of Wonders; where to fix a Beginning is equally hard, as to put a Bound to it: a Circle of Brightneſs, like the Starry Road above, made up of Lights unnumber'd, and almoſt undivided; where the Line is Ever Uniform, and ſtill Returning to the ſame Point of Glory.

THE Firſt Beam ariſes from His Perſonal Figure and Character: In Every Part we meet with a Profuſion of all that is Excellent; a Maſter-Work of Nature, Art, and Fortune. All the Gods combin'd to finiſh it; employ'd a Length of Time and Care to form the Piece, and rob the Creation in its Favour. Nothing ever appear'd ſo Perfect; nor ſhall, thô *Aſtrea* once more ſhould viſit the Globe, and an Age of Gold ſhould revive.

HE wore a Look and Mien akin to thoſe of an Immortal; *VENUS* and *MARS* were kind alike to the Hour of his Nativity: As it aroſe, they ſmil'd, ſet the Faireſt White upon it, and bid it give a Tincture to the ſucceeding Days. They made the Happy Infant all over Beautiful and Invulnerable, that no Branch of Human Race might be Unconquer'd by Him; that he might reſemble the Choſen Model of Her Beſt-lov'd Son, but give a Theme for a Greater *ÆNEID*.

THE Powers of His Mind, like a Rich Jewel finely ſet, were caſt in the Trueſt Mould by the Hand of *PALLAS*. She gave it a Kenn, that pierc'd into the Shades of Time, and the Caverns of Futurity; took in the Cleareſt and the Fulleſt Proſpect, ſurvey'd each

each Particular, while it commanded the Whole; was never Ill-turn'd, or Directed in Vain; but like the Sword it govern'd, was Keen, Juſt, Steady, and Reſiſtleſs.

FROM the Moment of his Birth, the *GRACES* were appointed to attend and form Him, Poliſh'd in Addreſs, and Refin'd Manners, as in the Gifts of Nature, fit to adorn a Court, and ſhine with Princes. Even Malice was ſoften'd by Him; and from the Throne to the Cottage, He reign'd the Delight and Admiration of Mankind.

HIS Experience in Affairs was Compleatly Train'd and Prov'd: like an Ingot in the Flame, it was more Bright and Pure, not Injur'd by a Tryal. There was a Spring in it, that bore againſt a Preſſure, and a Conduct, that made an Ad-

 vantage,

vantage, where the Reverſe was threaten'd. He fetch'd from the Proud *GAUL* Himſelf the Rules of Baffling Him, and roſe upon Him by the Force of his own Maxims.

HIS Valour anſwer'd the DIAMOND in his Arms, to cleave a Difficulty, and be itſelf Invincible. His Breaſt was Reſolute, and Prepar'd; Full of a Spirit, that was not Impetuous, but Sedate; Had all the Caution, without the Damp of Fear; Chaſtis'd by Prudence, and Rein'd in by the moſt Correct Judgment. He pois'd the Balance firſt, as a *JOVE* on Earth, and then GAVE FATE TO MEN. *NEPTUNE* could never ride more Calmly in a Storm He rul'd and dealt around Him; His Labours and his Soul at once tranſcended thoſe of an *HERCULES*;

and

and no Romance can be more ſurprizing than His Real Hiſtory.

AND where can the Clue of it be more properly taken up, than at His Race, and Thoſe that bear the Ties of Blood to Him, or the Sanction of a Nearer Value? The Source of His Line aroſe in the Land He afterwards Vanquiſh'd; as if Haughty *GALLIA* was doom'd to produce Her Greateſt VICTOR, before the *NORMAN* Enſigns were Unfurl'd on the Shore of *BRITAIN*. Many Years have revolv'd, ſince His Stock was Grac'd with the Equeſtrian Order, the Fruitful Parent of the moſt Leading Spirits in Antient *ROME*. In the Prime Date of it, we find the Peculiar Servants and Favourites of Kings: A Glad Omen of his Fortune to come! But it is far more Illuſtrious to deſerve, than it is to Inherit

herit the Proudeſt Title. Once the Higheſt Honours of Blood were Modern; and the Man, that Ennobles His Houſe, may claim a more ſparkling Merit, than He, who is Paſſively Great, by a Chain of Anceſtry, and a Privilege not His own. *DEVONIA* Glory'd in His Birth, as He in a Sire, that Eminently ſuffer'd in the Royal Cauſe. For this has ever been the Ornament of His Stem, to maintain a Faithful Zeal for our Monarchs, while Loyalty remain'd A VIRTUE, and THEY FATHERS to THEIR COUNTRY.

HIS Nuptials were auſpicious; founded on the moſt Prevailing Charms of Mind and Perſon in the Fair Object of his Choice; and giving Riſe to a Progeny, in which the Powers of Beauty, Underſtanding, and Valour, were conſpicuouſly ſhar'd, and diſputed

the

the Preeminence; a Progeny in which we view'd another *MARCELLUS*, our ſecond Hope: How ſoon, alas! reſtor'd to the Skies! as if a Second in the Line would have been a Bliſs for *ALBION* too Mighty and Unequal! But a Kind Star has allay'd the Loſs by the DESTIN'D HEIR of that Superior Honour. It afforded alſo a Train of Nymphs, the Minions of *HEBE*; decreed to as Large, tho' a Softer, Conqueſt, as His own: while Hovering *Cupids*, all Gay and Gentle, but fatally Arm'd, waited on them, and ſwiftly executed their Commands. The Flower of the *Britiſh* Youth, Firſt at the Helm, and Companions of *CÆSAR*, could only pretend to thoſe the Greateſt could never Demand: They ſought their Smiles; and (tho' the Brighteſt Flowers enjoy a Diſproportion'd Being) a Deſcent is left, that keeps the

the Traces, and perpetuates the Stamp of their Great Parent.

NOR does He only breathe anew in theſe Living Copies; but in thoſe that are fram'd to His High Pattern; that poſſeſs'd, while yet He was indulg'd to the World, a Ruling Place in His Heart and Counſels; that boaſt to be the Growth of His Forming Hand, and flouriſh'd beneath the Shade of his Laurels. Foremoſt in this Advanc'd Rank of Fame are the Immortal *CADOGAN* and *EUGENE*; The Brave! The Wiſe! The Victorious! Hardy in the Toils of War, and Vers'd in the Science of the Field. Long Proof, and well-try'd Deſert were the Baſis of this Union: For the Delicacy of His Soul could never eſpouſe the Want of them.

THE

THE Cauſe He ſerv'd, was the moſt Important, that ever kindled the Hopes, or rais'd the Fears of Mankind. Like the Fam'd Warriors of old, He was call'd to quell the Monſters, and cruſh the Tyrants of the Earth; to vindicate the Rights, the Lives, the Souls of Men; to ſecure the Altars, devoted to Heaven; to relieve each Yoke of Publick Oppreſſion, to redeem the Peace and Liberties of *Europe*, and make His Native *Britannia* as happy in the Bleſſings of Society, as ſhe is profuſely ſtor'd with thoſe of Nature.

FOR this He was ſet by the Goddeſs of Wiſdom among His Adverſaries, to learn of them the Skill of Arms; how to Eſcape, or Retort the Pointed Javelin. No ſooner did the Blooming Champion appear, but He ſtood confeſs'd

to the Admiring Eyes of the Great, and the Powerful: His Dawn was the Promiſe of a Meridian Sun, and He met the Quickeſt Pledge of Future Diſtinction.

BUT there is ſo cloſe a Connection between the Deeds, Succeſſes, and Honours of His Life, that they cannot be Diſſever'd, but muſt be Interwoven, to fill up the Glorious Tiſſue.

TO be the Darling of Various Princes, is the Height of Praiſe; and He, that is the Support of Thrones, may challenge the Firſt Graces of them.

THIS is the ſtrongeſt Point of Light, in which we ſurvey the GODLIKE *CHURCHILL!* A Succeſſion of *Britiſh* Potentates held out to him the Wreaths of Honour, that hang upon the Scep-

ter;

ter; ſtill Improving in the Palace, the Legions, the Counſels and Forces of the Allies; till at length he juſtly ſate A PRINCE in the *Roman* Senate, as He was the Laſt, and moſt Compleat of the *ROMAN* Heroes.

HIS Very Atchievements were New Honours. They riſe to View with a Native Beauty, that eludes the Power of Eloquence, and ſcorns the Embelliſhment of Wit; that makes the Juſt to be the moſt Lovely Painting, and Artleſs Truth the Higheſt Panegyric.

WERE we to enter a Full Detail of them, the Task, like His Fame, would be Immenſe: A Variety muſt be overlook'd, that might have Perfected Another Character: No more than a Glance can be given to the moſt Select, that would ſingly open a Large Field of Rhe-

toric. Compleatly to do Reaſon to the Number or the Brightneſs of them, would be a Vain Reſolve: For He was Deſtin'd to overcome All that His Admirers can Utter for Him, as well as All that His Enemies could Form againſt Him.

IN the Morning of his Years, He ſeiz'd a Fortreſs with a Single Cohort, won the Open Applauſe of *LODOVIC*, Leader of the *FRANKS*, Fearleſs then of his Preluding Sword; and when the Retiring Battel left him Unſupported, it only Doubled His Fire, and Enhanc'd His Prize.

ABROAD He was the Scourge of Unruly Power, and at Home the Patron of Freedom: Ever Firſt in the Noble Strife, to guard us from Servile Chains, and Impending Ruin; and to think, that none could

could be Juſt to the GODS, while He was Perfidious to His Country.

HIS Entire Line of Action was a Continu'd Wonder, a Path of Glory. Whether Force or Skill was Employ'd, it was ever Triumphant, to Quell, or Countermine a Foe, to Soften or Reclaim an Ally. FORTUNE Herſelf, the moſt Precarious Deity, was ſo Enamour'd with Him, That She had the Virtue to be once Conſtant; She duly attended Him to the Wars, and FIX'D HER WHEEL TO HIS CHARIOT.

HIS Vigour, Expedition, and Succeſs were Equal: He enter'd the Field of Conqueſt with a Speed like that of His Enemy Retreating from it; (The only Secret of War He never knew, nor Rival'd with Him.) He gave the Earlieſt and the Lateſt Blow to Him, and ſtruck

Him

Him with His Lightning, before He alarm'd him with His Thunder. His Enquiry was ever Ready, Juſt, and Extenſive; He defeated the moſt Hidden Intrigues, by the Turn of his Management, and was Maſter of His Foe before He diſarm'd Him.

BY a Timely and a Well-urg'd Advance, He rais'd Aloft the Deſponding EMPIRE, and Recover'd Her Eagles. He devoted Himſelf to the Gods before the Dreadful Chace of Victory, and was firm to Die or Vanquiſh. Let the Plains of *BLENHEIM* tell, How the Proudeſt Force of *Gaul* was Humbled, and HER FLOWERS were Blaſted; Let the Conſcious *DANUBE* ſay, How His Tide was chang'd to Blood, and his *Naiads* were terrify'd at the Plunge of an Army. But he purſu'd the Day, Enlarg'd the Defeat, and Regain'd

gain'd the Antient Limits. Where-ever He paſs'd, Tyranny, and Law-leſs Sway ſubmitted to his Fetters. Fair *LIBERTY* reviv'd to bleſs the Clime, and the harſh Accents of Slavery and Pain were baniſh'd by every Pleaſing Sound of Pub-blick Joy and Acclamation.

THE Yielding Cities open'd at his Approach, and the Stubborn fell at the Voice of his Trumpet. Each Rolling Year was a Harveſt of New Exploits, all High and Pro-ſperous, all mark'd with a Peculiar Virtue. In ſome, Diſpatch; in o-thers, Proweſs; in this, an open Bravery was admir'd; in that, a more conceal'd Wiſdom. Every Step acquir'd the MURAL, or the CIVIC CROWN; to Contrive and Finiſh, to Beſiege and Subdue, to Fight and Conquer, was ſtill the ſame. He was encompaſs'd with a Divinity, that repell'd the neareſt Dangers,

Dangers, and Fenc'd off a coming Diſappointment. For it was ſeal'd in the Book of Fate, that no Confuſion ſhould ever Invade His Mind, no Wound His Body, no Diſaſter His Attempts. The Mountain, the Foreſt, the Line, the Rampart, were no Bars to His Progreſs. His Eye was Vigilant, and his Hand Aſſiduous; yet he Reduc'd Himſelf with His Adverſary. The Valiant was ſooth'd by the Merciful; and the Vanquiſh'd was almoſt betray'd into a Victor. The Fierce and the Mild were Center'd in Him, to Amazement; now, like a Torrent of the Hills; and then, as a Gentle Stream in the Vallies.

A Sovereign Merit plac'd Him at the Head of Mankind, and byaſs'd the Leading World in his favour. Monarchs were never ſo Great, as when they *Reign'd* in His Friendſhip,

ſhip, improv'd upon his Converſe, and follow'd his Enſigns. Conſpiring Senates were Impatient to give Him Applauſe, and bleſs the Redeemer of their Country. The Sons of *Apollo*, the Wiſe, the Knowing, the Eloquent, were fond to borrow a Wreath from Him, and adorn Themſelves with his Praiſe. No Hoſtile Army ever check'd his Way, like the Croud that preſs'd to thank and adore Him. He was a choſen Refuge to the Powers of the Earth, and a GUARDIAN OF THE NATIONS. The Life of *Europe* hung upon His Fauchion; and his Shield was firſt in the Temple of Honour. His Return was ſtill Gay with New Spoils; and fraught with Uncommon Rewards. Yet the Column, the Palace, the Princely Crown were Inferior to his Virtue; The Incenſe, that was offer'd Him with

Zeal, He declin'd with Care. His Modeſty withſtood as great Tryals as his Valour; but it only added to his Luſtre, which, like a Virgin Bluſh, was diſcover'd the more, by a Struggle to conceal it.

BUT even the Splendor of the Sun will raiſe a Cloud to obſcure Him; and a *JOVE* is liable to a *MOMUS*. Yet ſtill is the God of Day the ſame; ſtill is the Majeſty of Heaven undiminiſhed. Thus ſully'd, and thus clear, was his Conduct. All the Load of Guilt that was left upon Him, was the Crime of ſupporting the Cauſe of the Public; defending the Sanction of Treaties, preſerving the Faith of a juſt Alliance, and deſpoiling of his Unlawful Prey THE GREAT ROBBER OF MANKIND. Behold your Chief, Ungrateful *Britons*! (but no longer *Britons*, no longer Men) expoſing his

his Eaſe, his Quiet, his Honour, his Life, an hourly Sacrifice for His Country, and then Arraign, Condemn, and Baniſh Him. Behold Him trampling on the Foe, carrying your Standard to his Borders, and then recall Him; Wreſt the Victorious Spear from his Hands, and marr the Ripe Vintage of His Triumphs, and Your own. Ye GODS!——But ye were Faithful to your Image below, redreſs'd the Wrong, and reſtor'd the Warrior. The Foreign Realms He ſav'd were more Thankful, and caſt at his Feet new Trophies of Gratitude. Soon He grac'd his antient Seat of Renown, and challeng'd his Debt of Univerſal Homage. The Public Enemy was tranſported at his Fall, but the wiſe Patriot was overcaſt with Sorrow. Short was the Joy, the Pain was tranſient. At home, as abroad, He roſe a Victor: Envy ſet off his Fame, as Op-

poſition encreas'd his Laurels; to make his Conqueſt Unbounded, and compleat the Hero.

TOO long, alas! have theſe Fortunate Iſles been harraſs'd with a Race, deſcended of the *Titans*, that WARR'D WITH HEAVEN; Votaries of the Goddeſs of Diſcord, Inſpir'd by the Furies, Attended by Harpies, and led on by Evil *Dæmons*, ever Importune to the GENIUS OF *BRITAIN*. Theſe Sons of the Earth again would raiſe an Age of Iron, would replace THE *TARQUINS*, A SPURIOUS LINE, unbleſs'd by the Deities of Wiſdom and Valour, expell'd this Happy Climate for a Rape on our *Faireſt Lucretia*, OUR LIBERTY. But his Fate is ſuperior, and his Quiver has laid proſtrate another *Python*. Hence we derive all that is Dear and Valuable; hence the Muſe, the Tem-

ple, the Throne is ſecure. The BALL OF DOMINION is GIVEN to the WORTHIEST, lodg'd in a Hand, where the Antient Vein of the *ROMAN*, the *SAXON*, the *ENGLISH* Blood is united in a Stream that ſhall never Fail. This the Celeſtial Powers applaud; they make it Fate: *JOVE* rules above, and *GEORGE* commands below.

THUS the Divine *MARLBOROUGH* lives afreſh, A Conſummate Pattern of Heroic Virtue. It was not in Mortal to tread a Scene, where He appear'd, but He was reduc'd to own, That ONE ſupremely Greater than Himſelf was there. When he is View'd, the Lights of Antiquity fade away; and the more Conſpicuous Names of Warlike *Albion* diſappear. He abounded in all their Graces, without a Flaw: He did not Combat

the

the Savage, the Feeble, the Unskilful; He did not ſometimes atchieve the Day, or deliver a ſingle Empire; But to baffle the Brave, the Potent, the Wiſe, was HIS STAR: The Garland on his Temples ever bloſſom'd; his Sword was the Defence of Kingdoms: And thoſe Unequal Shares, which the boldeſt Sons of Fame divide, in HIM are at once Aſſembled, Improv'd, and Perfected.

HERE we meet a leſs gloomy Side of the Proſpect, that gives an Agreeable Pauſe to our Sorrow. Turn your Attention a while, my Countrymen, from his Mortal, to His Never-Dying Remains, and recollect the Spirit, that ſinks away in a Fruitleſs Complaining. Tho He is torn from our Wiſhes, tho *IRIS* has diſcharg'd Her Fatal Office, yet He is ſtill preſent in His Loſs, and ſpeaks in the Regions of Silence.

Silence. Hear, hear the Commands of the Gallant Shade, TO REMEMBER *BLENHEIM*: To preſerve his Honour Green and Unperiſhing. Set a juſt Value on the Prize he has won, and Survey with a Grateful Eye the Bliſs he has bequeath'd you: View well his Example, his Glories, and the Noble Vein of Blood He has left amongſt you. Look with Pleaſing Awe upon a MONARCH, that Alone deſerves to be UNIVERSAL: That alone can blend the Extremes of Love and Terror. A PRINCE, who looks and moves the Hero, who cleft his Foe under the Standard of our Great Leader, and chas'd away his INGLORIOUS RIVAL; A PRINCESS, enrich'd with a Soul and Form, equally Celeſtial; A ROYAL STEM, that prolongs our Hope, and enſures the Spring of our Joy Eternal. A MINISTRY, that will eſtabliſh us Happy in

ſpight

ſpight of ourſelves, and may claim in Merit the Rank of Sovereigns: A BENCH OF FATHERS, that juſtly unite the Service of HEAVEN, AND THEIR KING; A SENATE, that is Truly *Britiſh*; AN ARMY, Faithful and Intrepid; and A PEOPLE, however tempted, too Diſcerning, Honeſt, and Brave, to forfeit a Vow'd Obedience, betray an Indulgent Maſter, and ſacrifice a Free-born Country. Theſe Images of Conſolation relieve a preſent Pain, and cut off a future Anguiſh; while *PARKER* is the Lov'd Oracle of the Pitying Gods, and *BOYLE* commands the Maſter-Spring of Empire: While *HOLLES* leads the Royal Circle: *TOWNSHEND* and *CARTERET* Adorn the Orb of State; Superior Beings, in the Form of A *TALBOT*, A *TRIMNEL*, A *GIBSON*, are ANGELS OF THE CHURCHES:

While

While They, with THE LOYAL College of the Mitre, confirm the Vow, grace the Altar, guard the Temple, and bleſs the Sacrifice: While *PRAT* and *KING* direct the Voice, the Sword, the Scale of Juſtice; and Tenacious Virtue preſerves the DARLING Figure of a *WALPOLE*.

BUT lo! the Reliques of the Mighty Dead moulder away in the Expiring Flame, and the Urn receives the Precious Fall. The Bird of Thunder, Proud of his Charge, extends his Eager Wing; He quits the Summit of the Pile; full in the Eye of Day He tow'rs and cleaves His Lofty Journey thrô the Sky. A Beamy Cloud unfolds, and an Ætherial Carr deſcends. The Divinities, with *GODOLPHIN*, incline to View; and Hoſtile Shades (thô few of

his Domeſtic Foes are there) retain their uſual Dread at his Arrival. He fills his Glorious Seat, where *CÆSAR* and the Great *NASSAU* expect (long, very long, may they expect) the Greater *GEORGE*. *IO PÆAN!* His Brows with Deathleſs Amaranth are bound; *Apollo* takes the Golden Lyre, Sings Him Firſt of Heroes, and ſalutes Him GOD. *IO PÆAN!* They all return the Welcome Sound, and feel the Utmoſt Heaven.

BUT, O Thou Exalted Spirit! we Injure Thee by our too Officious Praiſe. Only Thy Pen could be juſt to Thy *own Commentaries*, as Thy Sword alone could be equal to *thy Battles*: Look down, and be our better Genius ſtill; Unite our Ranks, and lead us on to Victory: Let the Sceptre of the Globe,

Globe, and Trident of the Main, be ours; and diſpenſe a Shower of endleſs Bleſſings upon thy Native Iſle!

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM